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NORTH DAKOTA

SPECIAL DAY
PROGRAMS

1909



ISSUED BY
THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION



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BISMARCK, N. D.

TRIBUNE, STATE PRINTERS AND BINDERS

1909

SPECIAL DAYS

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY	February 12
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY	February 22
ARBOR DAY AND BIRD DAY, Date Fixed by Proclamation of Governor	
MEMORIAL DAY	May 30
FLAG DAY	June 14
THANKSGIVING DAY	Last Thursday in November
CHRISTMAS	December 25

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
CENTENARY

1809



1909

February 12th

LUTHER'S JUDGMENT HYMN.

(For the services in memory of Abraham Lincoln, City of Boston,
June 1, 1865.)

O, thou soul and sense and breath,
The ever-present giver
Unto thy mighty Angel, Death,
All flesh dost thou deliver;
What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are thine,
Who reignest, Lord, forever!

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With him so true and tender,
The Patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender;
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,
Our best-loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold
This martyr generation,
Which thou, through trials manifold,
Art showing thy salvation;
O, let the blood by murder spilt
Wash out thy stricken children's guilt
And sanctify our Nation!

Be thou our orphaned Israel's friend,
Forsake thy people never,
In One our broken Many blend,
That none again may sever;
Hear us, O Father, while we raise
With trembling lips our song of praise,
And bless thy name forever.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

LINCOLN.

Born, February 12th, 1809.

Fate struck the hour!
A crisis hour of Time.
The tocsin of the people clanging forth
Thro' the wild South and thro' the startled North
Called for a leader, master of his kind,
Fearless and firm, with clear foreseeing mind;
Who should not flinch from calumny or scorn,
Who in the depth of night could ken the morn;
Wielding a giant power
Humbly, with faith sublime.
God knew the man His sovereign grace had sealed;
God touched the man, and Lincoln stood revealed.

—J. L. H., in the "Outlook".

THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL.

February 12th, 1809—February 12th, 1909.

The coming anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln will be one of peculiar significance, in that it marks the completion of a century. Everywhere over this land of ours, this "home of the brave and the free," in Northland and Southland, from Atlantic to Pacific, on this day, a patriotic people will pause in their usual routine to contemplate the life, work and influence of him whom Lowell sang, "New birth of our new soil, the first American."

It is needless for the department to urge the proper observance of this day in North Dakota. There will be a spontaneous outburst of patriotic fervor which will demonstrate that, in the state whose territorial government was established by President Lincoln his name and memory are ever increasing sources of inspiration to better and nobler manhood and to higher and truer citizenship. We do hope that on February 12th, 1909, in every school house in the state the children will be gathered with their teachers and parents for the purpose of spending, at least, the afternoon of that day, in contemplation of the true greatness of Lincoln and that all will drink deeply from this fountain of unselfish devotion to duty.

Lincoln was truly great. One can dwell indefinitely upon his life and still find some new quality which singles him out from the throng of notable men who have helped make American history, and makes him the only great American of his century. His origin was the humblest of the humble. He was schooled in adversity. His education, though limited to a year's time, as far as school was concerned, was broad and thorough. He had learned to read and possessed that passion for reading which is resistless. It is said that three books would make a library—the Bible, Shakespeare and Blackstone's Commentaries. Fortunately, these, with several more were within his reach and thus he educated himself. Few men have possessed such a command of pure, simple English as Abraham Lincoln. We commend the sources of Lincoln's education to the youth of North Dakota.

His career, in the state of his adoption, Illinois, is marked by continued growth in strength of character and by the widening of his influence, until in 1858, when he crossed swords with Stephen A.

Douglas in a struggle for a seat in the United States senate. In his Springfield speech, June 1858, while discussing the issue of the contest with Douglas, he sounded the keynote of his career when he said: "The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail, if we stand firm, we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate, or mistakes may delay it, but sooner or later, the victory is sure to come." At the close of that contest, though defeated for senator, he was a national character.

As president from 1861 to 1865, those four awful years when the best blood of the nation was being poured out in a crimson stream. Lincoln towered above the men about him, the most heroic figure of the time. His infinite patience, his gentleness of heart, his singular wisdom, his rare sagacity, his unfailing good nature and his sublime faith in the ultimate success of his cause; these qualities in him alone inspired the confidence and love of the Northland, and the respect and admiration of the Southland. Lincoln saved the Union. His death was the last, greatest sacrifice.

Let us repeat his words so expressive of his spirit. "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and for his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Let us be thankful to Almighty God that He gave us when He did Abraham Lincoln. Let us resolve, from the contemplation of such a life, to live more worthily and strive more earnestly to merit the privileges of American citizenship.

W. L. STOCKWELL,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born in a log cabin near Hogdensville, now Larue county, Ky., February 12th, 1809.

His father moves with his family into the wilderness near Gentryville, Ind., 1816.

His mother dies at the age of 35, 1818.

His father's second marriage, 1819.

Walks nine miles a day going to and returning from school, 1826.

Makes a trip to New Orleans and back at work on a flat boat, 1828.

Drives in on an ox cart with his father and step-mother to a clearing on the Sangamon river, near Decatur, Ill., 1829.

Splits rails to surround the clearing with a fence, 1829.

Makes another flat boat trip to New Orleans and back, on which trip he first sees negroes shackled together in chains and forms his opinion concerning slavery, May, 1831.

Begins work in store at New Salem, Ill., August, 1831.

Enlists in the Black Hawk war; elected a captain of volunteers, 1832.

Announces himself a Whig candidate for the legislature and is defeated, 1832.

Storekeeper, postmaster and surveyor, 1833.

Elected to the Illinois legislature, 1834.

Re-elected to the legislature, 1835 to 1842.

Studies law at Springfield, 1837.

Is a presidential elector on the Whig national ticket, 1840.

Marries Mary Todd, November 4, 1842.

Canvasses Illinois for Henry Clay, 1844.

Elected to congress, 1846.

Supports General Taylor for president, 1848.

Engages in law practice, 1849-1854.

Debates with Douglas at Peoria and Springfield, 1855.

Aids in organizing the Republican party, 1855-1856.

Joint debates in Illinois with Stephen A. Douglas, 1858.

Makes political speeches in Iowa, 1859.

Visits New York and speaks at Cooper Union, February, 1860.

Attends Republican state convention at Decatur, declared to be the choice of Illinois for the presidency, May, 1860.

Nominated at Chicago as the Republican candidate for president, May 16th, 1860.

Elected president over Stephen A. Douglas, J. C. Breckenridge and John Bell, November, 1860.

Inaugurated president, March 4, 1861.

Issues first orders for troops to put down the rebellion, April 15, 1861.

Urges McClellan to advance, April, 1862.

Appeals for the support of the border states for the Union cause, March to July, 1862.

Calls for 300,000 more troops, July, 1862.

Issues emancipation proclamation, January 1st, 1863.

Thanks Grant for capture of Vicksburg, July, 1863.

His address at Gettysburg, November 19th, 1863.

Calls for 500,000 volunteers, July, 1864.

Re-nominated and re-elected president, 1864.

Thanks Sherman for the capture of Atlanta, September, 1864.

His second inauguration, March 4, 1865.

Assassinated, April 14, 1865.

EDUCATION OF LINCOLN.

As he had prepared himself by specific and long-continued courses of training in the habit of clear thinking and of convincing expression, so he prepared himself by alertness of mind, by receptivity of spirit, by constant investigation and meditation, not only to share in the government, but eventually to be the government. As he rose the horizon about him continually widened. First an ignorant boy on the old frontier, later a provincial lawyer, then the legislator for a state, then the representative of a section; elected president by a great division of the country, he became finally the chief magistrate of the whole nation, and it is one of his supreme claims upon the admiration of the world that, while the household over which he ruled was rent by division, to him it was to the very end an unbroken family and in the bitterest and fiercest of civil wars he was as free from sectional hate, from the narrowness of partisanship, from the political bigotry of his time, as is the peak of a mountain range upon which the light falls undimmed and splendid, when all the low lands are enveloped in the mist. The man who had this capacity for growth, who left the old frontier behind him, who outgrew Sangamon county, who was larger than Illinois, who was greater than the north, who was commensurate in his genius and his spirit with the nation, was not machine-made. The mechanical processes which helped in his advancement seemed never to touch his spirit. A politician of remarkable shrewdness, he was a statesman by instinct, by conviction, and by training, and he stood out at the end as the first national man, emancipated from sectionalism, a generation in advance of his time, a prophet no less than a president.—*Hamilton W. Mabie's Speech at Lincoln Dinner, New York. Published in the Outlook.*

LINCOLN.



The hour was on us ; where the man ?
The fateful sands unfaltering ran,
And up the way of tears,
He came into the years,

Our pastoral captain. Forth he came
As one that answers to his name ;
Nor dreamed how high his charge,
His work how fair and large,—

To set the stones back in the wall,
Lest the divided house should fall,
And peace from men depart,
Hope and the child-like heart.

We looked on him. " 'Tis he," we said,
"Come crownless and unheralded,
The shepherd who will keep
The flocks, will fold the sheep."

* * *

The need comes not without the man ;
The prescient hours unceasing ran,
And up the way of tears
He came into the years.

Our pastoral captain, skilled to crook,
The spear into the pruning hook,
The simple, kindly man,
Lincoln, American.

—John Vance Cheney,
The Independent, February 8, 1900.

FAREWELL WORDS IN SPRINGFIELD, 1861.

My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and to the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried.

I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail.

Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

FIRST INAUGURAL, MARCH 4, 1861.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations with his eternal truth and justice be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

* * * * *

Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of the civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I still have a most solemn one to "Preserve, protect and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

LINCOLN'S RELIGION.

Lincoln's religion was peculiarly his own. He did not belong to any church, but he had a firm faith and belief in God. In the campaign of 1860 he was greatly pained by the canvass of the voters in Springfield which showed that of the twenty clergymen in the city, all but three were against him. In speaking of this to Hon. Newton Bateman, then state superintendent of schools in Illinois, Lincoln said:

"I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same thing; and they will find it so. Douglas doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or down, but God cares and humanity cares, and I care, and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come, and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright."

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,

November 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass:

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN.

As Seen by Men of Other Countries.

This man will stand out in the traditions of his country and of the world as an incarnation of the people and of modern democracy itself.—*Henri Martin, France.*

The humblest of the humble before his own conscience; greatest of the great before history.—*Emilo Castelar, Spain.*

Among my people his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions: He has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy.—*Quoted from an Austrian Deputy by John Hay.*

Lincoln—the Honest Man; Abolished slavery, re-established the Union; Saved the Republic, without veiling the statute of Liberty.—*Inscription on gold medal presented by the French people.*

Lincoln, martyr to the broad principle which he represented in power and struggle, belongs now to history and to posterity. Like Washington, whose idea he continued, his name will be inseparable from the memorable epochs to which he is bound and which he expresses.—*Senor Rebello di Silva, Portugal.*

Abraham Lincoln's proclamation of liberty to the slaves is the best known foreign document to the operatives of Lancashire. Many a boy and girl can repeat it off-hand. I remember the government inspector of schools addressing our school of twelve hundred scholars once, and he asked the question: Whom do you regard as the greatest man outside of England? And a hundred voices shouted in chorus, "Abraham Lincoln."—*James E. Holden, in the Outlook.*

As Seen by his Countrymen.

In four years of battle days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood an heroic figure in the centre of an heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time;

the true representative of this continent—father of his country; the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.—*Emerson, Concord, Mass., April 19, 1865.*

He was warm-hearted; he was magnanimous; he was most truly, as he afterwards said on a memorable occasion, "With malice toward none, with charity for all." In bodily form he was above the average and so in intellect; the two were in symmetry. Not highly cultivated, he had a native genius far above the average of his fellows. Every fountain of his heart was ever overflowing with the milk of human kindness.—*Alexander H. Stephens, Feb. 12th, 1878.*

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him, even at the moment of his death, as one of the greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. * * * His fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills.—*John Hay.*

His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience.—*Emerson.*

The greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the time.—*Gen. Longstreet.*

To him, under God, more than to any other person we are indebted for the successful vindication of the Union and the maintenance of the power of the Republic.—*Gideon Wells.*

The power which his patent honesty of character and life exercised upon this nation, has been one of the most remarkable features of the history of time. The complete, earnest, immovable faith with which we have trusted his motives has been without a precedent.—*J. G. Holland, Springfield, Mass., April 19, 1865.*

Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake and will guard with a zeal the whole country which he loved so well.—*Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn, April 16th, 1865.*

In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness.—*Phillips Brooks, Philadelphia.*

In all history, with the sole exception of the man who founded this Republic, I do not think there will be found another statesman at once so great and so single-hearted in his devotion to his people.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

The "Shepherd of the People!" that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead president of

ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, truthfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was his. He showed us how to love the truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. Best of all he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion, the love and fear of God just in the shape we need them most.—*Phillips Brooks, Philadelphia.*

Lincoln's magnanimity, patience, forgetfulness of self and saving grace and sanity of humor made him a man apart. * * * He was the prophet of the future, now happily become a living present. * * * The president of a section by passing disintegration, Lincoln was always in spirit the chief magistrate of a nation. Among men of sectional training and instinct and policy he was a man of national feeling and policy. Around his figure, now that old passions are dead, the men who opposed him can gather with men who sustained him as about a common leader, as he is neither of the North nor of the South, but of the country.—The "First American."—*Outlook, Jan. 27th, 1906.*

Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness combined with goodness than any other.—*Gen. Sherman.*

He wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and then won and ruled the popular mind and heart by the tender sympathies of his nature.—*Carl Schurz.*

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.



From humble parentage and poverty, old Nature reared him,
And the world beheld her ablest, noblest man ;
Few were his joys and many and terrible his trials,
But grandly he met them as only true great souls can.
Our nation's martyr—pure, honest, patient, tender—
Thou who did'st suffer agony e'en for the slave,
Our flag's defender, our brave immortal teacher !
I lay this humble tribute on thy honored grave.
—*Paul DeVere.*

LINCOLN.



Safe in fame's gallery through all the years,
Our dearest picture, hangs your steadfast face,
Whose eyes hold all the pathos of the race
Redeemed by you from servitude's sad tears.

—*Mary Livingston Burdick, in Lippincott's.*

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

* * * * *

“It’s a wonderful speech. There’s nothing finer. Other men have spoken stirring words, for the North and for the South, but never before, I think, with the love of both breathing through them. It is only the greatest who can be a partisan without bitterness, and only such today may call himself, not Northern or Southern, but American. To feel that your enemy can fight you to death, without malice, with charity—it lifts country, it lifts humanity to something worth living for. They are beautiful, broad words, and the sting of war would be drawn if the soul of Lincoln could be breathed into the armies.”—*Comment on Gettysburg Speech in the Perfect Tribute by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.*

LINCOLN.

Here was a noble product of the soil
Grown starkly on the prairies of the West;
Inured to poverty; inured to toil;
The chivalry of Bayard in his breast;
A soul serene that ever onward pressed,
Beyond the darts of calumny and hate;
That stood in every crisis fierce the test,
Till earth had linked his memory with her great,
As Statesman, President and Master of his fate.
He pierced the aeons with a Prophet's eye.
Humanity was what he spelt in creed;
He passed the letter of the statute by,
To give the spirit of it utmost heed.
His life was open, both in word and deed,
From prejudice and passion wholly free;
Of the liberty he sowed a pregnant seed
For millions and for millions yet to be,
Himself the Bondman's Knight of Nature's sole degree.
A Tribune of the people, so he sprang
And seized the reins of power and high place,
While thru the world his challenge grandly rang,
And shook Oppression's temple to its base.
His was the mettle of heroic race,
On whom the seal of sterling merit sat;
The sunken cheeks, the shrewd and homely face,
That shallowed wits had launched their arrows at—
Rail-splitter, Orator and Greatest Democrat.
Along the wide horizon of the years,
A deep, sonorous echo of his name
Rolls, thunder-like; and future history hears
An answering echo from the Halls of Fame.
We see the tall, the gaunt, ungainly frame;
We mark the will to dare, the mind to plan;
We find the pure resolve, the lofty aim;
And while his rugged virtues thus we scan,
We stand uncovered, while we cry "This was a man!"
And upward to the portals of the stars,
And past the confines of the Seven Seas,
Beyond the smoky banners of our wars,
Borne outward on the pinions of the breeze,
His fame it sung in divers master keys,
And shrined in bronze, or heralded in rhyme,
Past mountain tops and past the Pleiades,
Far-sent, far-sounding, still with notes sublime,
Loud-bugled by the mighty trumpet-tone of time.

—Ernest McGaffey.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.



Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God didst bear
The sword of power—a nation's trust!
In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the language of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.
Thy task is done; the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.
Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noblest host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

—Bryant, 1865.

SECOND INAUGURAL.

Lincoln's famous Gettysburg speech has been much and justly admired. But far greater as well as far more characteristic was that inaugural in which he poured out the whole devotion and tenderness of his great soul. It had all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die.—*John Hay.*

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war, seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated the war, but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude and duration which it has attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been fully answered. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued thru His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that

He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away, yet if God wills that it continues until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

March 4th, 1865.

O, CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!



O, Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exalting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But, O heart! heart! heart!

O, the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O, Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is hung—for you the bugle thrills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowd-
ing;

For you they call the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Hear Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer; his lips are pale and still.
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exalt, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I will mournful tread,
Walk the deck where my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

COMMEMORATION ODE.

Such was he, our Martyr-chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on this world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-world moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted west,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be;
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, not lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf or Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface

And thwart her genial will ;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not, it were too late ;
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he ;
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide
Great captains with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—James Russell Lowell.

NOTABLE MEN AND WOMEN BORN IN 1809.



1. EDGAR ALLEN POE.....January 19th
2. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.....February 3rd
3. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.....February 12th
4. CHARLES DARWIN.....February 12th
5. FREDERICK CHOPIN.....March 1st
6. MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.....March 6th
7. ALFRED TENNYSON.....August 6th
8. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES August 29th
9. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.....November 27th
10. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.....December 29th

WASHINGTON

1841/11

WASHINGTON

Washington belongs to that rare class of men who have impressed their characters upon the nation without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate and govern those facts. Washington, in fact, had that greatness of character which is the highest expression and last result of greatness of mind.—*Whipple*.

WHAT WASHINGTON STANDS FOR.

No man ever stood for so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington. Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams, Madison and Jay, each represented some of the elements forming the Union; Washington embodied them all. They fell at times under popular disapproval, were burned in effigy, were stoned, but *he* with unerring judgment was always the leader of the people. Milton said of Cromwell that "war made him great, peace greater." The superiority of Washington's character and genius were more conspicuous in the formation of our government and in putting it on indestructible foundations than in leading armies to victory and conquering the independence of his country. "The union in any event," is the central thought of his farewell address, and all the years of his grand life were devoted to its preservation. He fought as a youth with Braddock and in the capture of Fort Duquesne for the protection of the whole country. As commander in chief of the continental army, his commission was from the congress of the united colonies. He inspired the movement for the Republic, was the president and dominant spirit of the convention which framed its constitution, and its president for eight years, and guided its course until satisfied that moving safely along the broad highway of time it would be surely ascending toward the first place among the nations of the world, the asylum of the oppressed, the home of the free.

Do his countrymen exaggerate his virtues? Listen to Guizot, the historian of civilization: "Washington did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country, which he conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order and by re-establishing their sway." Hear Lord Erskine, the most famous of English advocates: "You are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence." Remember the tribute of Charles James Fox, the greatest parliamentary orator who ever swayed the British house of commons: "Illustrious man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance." Contemplate the character of Lord Brougham, pre-eminent for two generations in every department of human activity and thought, and then impress upon the memories of your children his deliberate judgment: "Until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which

our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

Chatham, who, with Clive, conquered an empire in the east, died broken-hearted at the loss of the empire in the west by follies which even his power and eloquence could not prevent. Pitt saw the vast creations of his diplomacy shattered at Austerlitz and fell murmuring: "My country! how I love my country!" Napoleon caused a noble tribute to Washington to be read at the head of his armies, but, unable to rise to Washington's greatness, witnessed the vast structure erected by conquest and cemented by blood, to minister to his own ambition and pride, crumble into fragments, and an exile and a prisoner he breathed his last babbling of battlefields and carnage. Washington, with his finger upon his pulse, felt the presence of death, and calmly reviewing the past and forecasting the future answered to the summons of the grim messenger, "It is well," and his mighty soul ascended to God; the land was deluged with tears and the world united in his eulogy. Blot out from the page of history the names of all the great actors of his time in the drama of nations and preserve the name of Washington, and the century will be renowned.—*Chauncey M. Depew, on the One-Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Our Government.*

WASHINGTON

“Soldier and statesman, rarest unison ;
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world’s honors worn
As life’s indifferent gifts to all men born ;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content ;
Modest, yet firm as Nature’s self ; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed ;
Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear ;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will ;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood ;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men’s—Washington.”
—James Russell Lowell.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours ;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born !

* * * *

Amid the wreck of thrones shall live,
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame ;
And years, succeeding years, shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

WASHINGTON

THE BRIGHTEST NAME ON HISTORY'S PAGE.

Land of the West! though passing brief
The record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all
On history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out,
Thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites,
Thou hast the planet star.

Thou hast a name whose characters
Of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain
And warms the coldest heart;
A war cry fit for any land
Where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone,
It is thy Washington!

Rome had its Caesar, great and brave,
But stain was on his wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror,
And died the tyrant's death.
France had its eagle, but his wings,
Though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight,
And dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway
Would fain have claimed the waves,
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal
To make a world of slaves;
Who, though their kindred barred the path,
Still fiercely waded on,
Oh, where appears their "glory" now
Beside a Washington!

He fought, but not with love of strife;
He struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe,
He sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right
By reason's gentle word,
And sighed when all injustice threw
The challenge sword to sword.

He stood, the firm, the grand, the wise,
The patriot and the sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate,
No burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth,
And daringly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth
The name of Washington.

—*Eliza Cook.*

AN ESTIMATE OF WASHINGTON

For many years I have studied minutely the career of Washington, and with every step the greatness of the man has grown upon me, for analysis has failed to discover the act of his life which under the conditions of the time, I could unhesitatingly pronounce to have been an error. Such has been my experience and, although my deductions may be wrong, they at least have been carefully and slowly made. I see in Washington a great soldier who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him; a great statesman who did more than all other men to lay the foundation of a republic which has endured in prosperity for more than a century. I find in him a marvelous judgment which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes; a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequaled strength of patriotic purpose. I see in him, too, a pure and high-minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. Such he was in truth. The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the instinct of mankind will not fail. The real hero needs not books to give him worshippers. George Washington will always receive the love and reverence of men, because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity.—Henry Cabot Lodge, in *"American Statesmen Series."*

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Blessed with genius, a gift so rare,
That none with him could then compare,
Destined in the realm of fate—
A mind organic, high estate,
To be a Washington.

Behold the splendors of that night!
Grand Borealis shineth bright,
In colors red, and white, and blue,
Blending, mingling heavenly hue,
As God and Man and Son.

If character is a gift supreme,
Divine is man, divine my theme,
Divine is God, divine the Son,
A blending, mingling into one,
God's gift to Washington.

Washington and Lincoln—the man who did most to found the Union, and the man who did most to preserve it—stand head and shoulders above all other public men, and have, by common consent, won the right to this pre-eminence.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

LIKE GEORGE WASHINGTON

We cannot all be Washingtons,
And have our birthdays celebrated;
But we can love the things he loved,
And hate the things he hated.

He loved the truth, he hated lies;
He minded what his mother taught him;
And every day he tried to do
The simplest duties that it brought him.

Perhaps the reason little folks
Are sometimes great when they grow tall,
Is just because, like Washington,
They did their best when they were small.

SELECTIONS

Take the young boy of America and lead his mind back to the days of Washington. Teach him the story of the great man's life. Follow him from the moment when the youthful soldier first drew his sword in defense of his country and depict his conduct and his courage on the dark battlefield where Braddock fell. Let each successive scene of the desperate Revolutionary struggle be made familiar to his mind; let us trace the wintry march by the blood-stained path of barefooted soldiery, winding their painful way over the frozen soil; teach him in imagination to share the triumphs of Trenton, of Princeton, of Yorktown. Let him contemplate the hero, the patriot, and the sage, when the battle's strife was over and the victory secured, calmly surrendering to his country's rulers the rank and station with which they had invested him, withdrawing to the retirement of the home that he loved, and modestly seeking to escape the honors that a grateful people were willing to bestow. Teach him to appreciate the less brilliant but more useful and solid triumphs of the statesman; tell him how, at the people's call, the man that was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," abandoned the calm seclusion that he cherished, again, at an advanced age, to expose himself to the stormy ocean of public life; first, to give aid and counsel to his countrymen in devising a frame of government that should forever secure their liberties; and then, by his administration of that government, to furnish a model and guide for the chief magistrates that were to succeed him. And then lead him at length to the last sad scene, the closing hour of the career of the greatest man that earth has ever borne, to the death-bed of the purest patriot that ever perilled life in his country's cause, and let him witness a mighty people bowed down with sorrow and mourning the bereavement of their friend, their father. And as the story shall proceed, that boy's cheek shall glow and his eye shall kindle with a noble enthusiasm, his heart shall beat with quicker pulse, and in his inmost soul shall he vow undying devotion to that country which, above all riches possesses that priceless treasure, the name, the fame and the memory of Washington.—*Selection from an Oration by Judah Phillip Benjamin.*

In the Revolution and in the period of constructive statesmanship immediately following it, for our good fortune it befell us that

the highest military and the highest civic attributes were embodied in Washington, and so in him we have one of the undying men of history—a great soldier, if possible an even greater statesman, and above all a public servant whose lofty and disinterested patriotism rendered his power and ability—alike in fought fields and in council chambers—of the most far-reaching service to the Republic.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

The life of our Washington cannot suffer by comparison with those of other countries who have been most celebrated and exalted by fame. The attributes and decorations of royalty could have only served to eclipse the majesty of those virtues which made him, from being a modest citizen, a more resplendent luminary.

Misfortune, had he lived, could hereafter have sullied his glory only with those superficial minds, who, believing that characters and actions are marked by success alone, rarely deserve to enjoy it. Malice could never blast his honor, and envy made him a singular exception to her universal rule. For himself, he had lived enough to life and to glory. For his fellow citizens, if their prayers could have been answered, he would have been immortal.—*Remarks upon the Death of Washington by President John Adams.*

LET WASHINGTON SLEEP



Disturb not his slumber, let Washington sleep,
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep;
His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright,
As the stars in the dark vaulted heavens at night,
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;
On the river's green border with rich flowers dressed,
With the hearts he loved fondly let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around;
'Tis the grave of a freeman,—'tis liberty's mound;
The name is immortal—our freedom it won—
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore;
While the stars and stripes of our country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave.
—*M. S. Pike.*

Arbor and Bird Day.

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A FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

MEMORY GEMS

Go, make they garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it and mend his own.

—Robert Collyer.

Daffodil, lily and crocus,
They stir they break from the sod
They are glad of the sun and they open
Their golden hearts to God.

They and the wildling families—
Wind flower, violet, May—
They rise from the long, long dark
To the ecstasy of day.

—Selected

Down the little drops patter,
Making a musical clatter;
Out of the woods they throng;
Freshness of heaven they scatter
Little dark rootlets among.
“Coming to visit you, Posies!
Open your hearts to us Roses!”
This is the raindrops song.

—Lucy Larcom.

Hosts of little daisies white
Stand among the grasses,
Greeting with girlish grace
Every breeze that passes.
Quaint white caps and golden hair,
Tresses green and slender;
With my heart I heard them say
Something very tender—
Saying something to the grass,
Very sweet and tender.

—S. I. Brigham.

There was a pretty dandelion
With lovely fluffy hair,
That glistened in the sunshine
And in the summer air.
But ah, this pretty dandelion
Soon grew quite old and gray,
And sad to tell, her charming hair
Blew many miles away.
—*Belford's Annual.*

New are the leaves on the oaken spray,
New the blades of the silky grass,
Flowers that were buds but yesterday
Peep from the ground where'er I pass.
—*Bryant.*

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod
Trusts in God.
—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

A man who plants a tree and cares for it, has added at least his mite to God's creation.—*Lucy Larcom.*

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are ever a new delight;
They give us peace and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong.
—*Stoddard.*

There is no spot on earth which may not be made more beautiful by the help of trees and flowers.—*Holmes.*

SOME HISTORIC TREES

Note to the teachers.—We suggest to you to allow your pupils to secure information relating to the trees below mentioned and then to write short descriptions of them for the information of all the scholars and their parents.

1. The Treaty Elm of Philadelphia.
2. The Charter Oak of Hartford, Connecticut.
3. The Liberty Elm of Boston.
4. Washington's Elm at Cambridge.
5. The Burgoyne Elm at Albany, New York.
6. Perry's Willow on the shore of Lake Erie.
7. The Big Trees of California.
8. The Apple Tree of Appomattox.
9. Shakespeare's Mullberry Tree.
10. The Baobab Tree of the Cape Verde Islands.
11. The Banyan Trees of India.
12. The Cedars of Mt. Lebanon.

—*From Montana Arbor Day Manual.*

THE THISTLE FLOWER.

My homely flower that blooms along
The dry and dusty ways,
I 'have a mind to make a song,
And make it in thy praise.
For thou are favored of my heart,
Humble and outcast as thou art.

Though never with the plants of grace
In garden borders set,
Full often have I seen thy face
With tender tear-drops wet,
And seen thy gray and ragged sleeves
All wringing with them, morns and eves.

Albeit thou livest in a bush
Of such unsightly form,
Thou hast not any need to blush—
Thou hast thine own sweet charm;
And for that charm I love thee so,
And not for any outward show.

The iron weed, so straight and fine
Above thy head may rise,
And all in glossy purple shine;
But to my partial eyes
It cannot harm thee—thou hast still
A place no finer flower can fill.

The fennel, she is courted at
The porch side and the door—
Thou hast no lovers, and for that
I love thee all the more;
Only the wind and rain to be
Thy friends, and keep thee company.

—*Phoebe Carey.*

THE WHEAT.

The wheat breaks earth with a keen
Upthrust of its hardy green,
And grows superbly straight
In the face of the sky, elate,
Comrade of rain and sun
And of blue cloud-shadows that run,
And of all land things that be
Nearest of kin to the sea.
The wheat stirs deep and flows
At the touch of each wind that blows;
The wheat is alight with wings
When the bobolink sinks and sings,
And the meadow lark's clear refrain
Is the voice of the living grain;
The wheat is the teeming home
Of a myriad things that roam
Shy things that give but a hint
Of russet fur, or the glint
Of small bright eyes, or the whir
Of gauzy wings astir.

*Elizabeth Kemper Adams in Appleton's
Magazine, May 1906.*

AN APPLE BLOSSOM.



When teacher called the apple class, they gathered round to see
What question deep in apple lore their task that day might be.
“Now tell me,” said the teacher to little Polly Brown
Do apple seeds grow pointing up, or are they pointing down?”
Poor Polly didn’t know, for she had never thought to look
(And that’s the kind of question you can’t find in a book.)
And of the whole big Apple class not one small pupil knew
If apple seeds point up or down! But then, my dear, do you?

—*Carolyn Wells in St. Nicholas.*

OUR MOTHERS THREE.

(Air:—Battle Hymn of the Republic.)

Come now and raise a gladsome song to Mother Nature dear;
Again the flowers laugh in the fields, again the birds sing clear;
And we who love God's bright, fair world should let that love appear,
On this glad Arbor Day.

Chorus:—Mother Nature hear our singing;
Take the praises we are bringing;
May they swell, forever ringing,
As on this Arbor Day.

And let us too join hearts in praise of our dear native land,
Our Mother Country, she to whom we all pledge heart and hand,
A peerless queen she truly is; so may she ever stand.
As on this Arbor Day.

Chorus:—Mother Country hear our singing;
Take the praises we are bringing;
May they swell, forever ringing,
As on this Arbor Day.

And to our Alma Mater, our dear Mother School as well,
We sing to show our loyalty, we would her virtues tell;
She teaches us the truth of life; we pledge to heed them well,
On this glad Arbor Day.

Chorus:—Alma Mater hear our singing;
Take the praises we are bringing;
May they swell, forever ringing,
As on this Arbor Day.

Our school we love, our happy land, and Nature's beauty rare,
Three mothers they, and in their weal we each have some true share;
So plant we trees, salute the flag, and faith and fealty swear,
On this glad Arbor Day.

Chorus:—Mother Nature hear our singing;
Mother country love we're bringing;
Mother school thy praise is ringing,
On this glad Arbor Day.

—Vernon P. Squires, written for New York Annual.

THE PRAIRIES.

Prairie is a French word meaning meadow. Those ever-going voyageurs, sighting a grass plot fenced only with sky, thought of the landscape of their native land, and called the far green reaches meadows. What dignitaries the American prairies are! I must always think of them among the larger visions of our world, and pity such as have not seen them.

* * * * *

The prairie expresses itself in bronze. In no other material does it care to be sculptured. Indian, wolf, prairie-dog, prairie-chicken, hawk, are all lighter or darker bronze. 'Tis a sullen metal, but heroic. I have a face of Grant done on a medal of bronze; and the silent mysterious soldier seems meant for such vehicle of interpretation. The prairie folk love the grim irradant pigments of winter grasses. All colors of its birds, beast or man are varigations of the sullen autumnal or winter grasses; and the buffalo's grim sentineling along the prairie's sky and an Indian's bronze face looking stern as winter seas, are made so by the glowing on them of a winter's prairie, which no delightful spring can ever kiss into emerald and flowers. And Buffalo and Indian must forever hang around the brown horizons of the disappeared prairies, which used to wander out to catch, with brown burnt hand, the trailing garment of the sunset and the storm.—*Bishop William A. Quail.*

PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree
Plants hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free,
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants peace,
Under its green curtains jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly,
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
Plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE WHISTLE TREE.

The whistle-tree is growing in a green and sunny nook,
In the low and marshy meadow where there flows a silver brook;
You must seek it in the springtime, when its leaves are silver-gray,
There you'll find the best of whistles almost any sunny day.

The whistle-tree is sought for by all wise and wary boys
When the whistles are exactly primed to give the loudest noise.
The trees bear plenty of them, so there never should be strife,
All one needs to gather with is just a pocket-knife.

Let others sing of oak and birch and all the evergreens,
Or of the elm and maple bright, adorning country scenes;
The best and finest of them all—at least to all the boys—
Is this same merry whistle-tree that grows a crop of noise.

Then hurrah for the meadow!

Hurrah for the tree!

And hurrah for the whistles

Growing there for you and me!

—A. W. M. in *Youth's Companion*.

CLOVER TOP AND THISTLE-DOWN.

Clover-top sighed when the wind sang sweet,
Dropping the thistle-down at her feet;
"Oh, dear me, never a day
Can I roam at my will, but ever, alway,
In this tiresome meadow must ever stay!"

Thistle-down floated, then sunk to rest,
Only to rise at the breezes' behest,
Hither and yon on the wings of the air,
Tired little sprite, so dainty and fair,
"Oh, just to stop," she sighed, "anywhere."

Honey-bees swarmed to the thistle and clover,
Sweet little toiling ones, over and over
A work-a-day song they cheerily sing:
"Look up, dear hearts, and what the days bring,
Bless God for it all—yes—everything!"

—*Eugene Field, Oct. 16, 1881.*

THE FOREST.

Although it is composed of trees, the forest is far more than a collection of trees standing in one place. It has a population of animals and plants peculiar to itself, a soil largely of its own making, and a climate different in many ways from that of the open country. Its influence upon the streams alone makes farming possible in many regions, and everywhere it tends to prevent floods and drought. It supplies fuel, one of the first necessities of life, and lumber, the raw material, without which cities, railroads, and all the great achievements of material progress would have been either long delayed or wholly impossible. The forest is as beautiful as it is useful. The old fairy tales which spoke of it as a terrible place are wrong. No one can really know the forest without feeling the gentle influence of one of the kindest and strongest parts of nature. From every point of view it is one of the most helpful friends of man. Perhaps no other natural agent has done so much for the human race and has been so recklessly used and so little understood. —*Gifford Pinchot in the Primer of Forestry.*

WHAT WE OWE TREES.

Did you ever stop to think how much we owe to trees? Let us see. You have learned in school that trees purify the air by taking out of it gases which are hurtful to man, and also that they purify the springs of water at their roots; consequently you understand why it is that terrible fevers have so often followed the cutting down of forests in a new country. But do you know that the health giving quality of trees is only one of their many virtues?

Not the least of these is the prevention of floods, and the drouths which follow floods. You will wonder how this is. Now you know that if you hang out a piece of wet cloth in the sun and wind it will become quickly dry. The water in it has evaporated. So it is with the open spaces where there are no trees. And the moisture which has all at once been absorbed by the air is discharged in torrents instead of in gentle rains, as would be the case if there were trees and it was absorbed gradually. Here again comes in the question of health, for floods and drouths are as hurtful to man as the soil which suffers from them.

A way in which trees help us greatly which is not often thought of, is by preventing so great extremes of heat and cold as there would otherwise be. Your geographies tell you how the ocean equalizes the climate of places upon it. It is upon the same principle that trees modify climate, though in a lesser degree.

Their effect upon dessert land should be spoken of as well. It has been found that where trees have been planted to keep off the winds of the ocean from such land, in a short time crops could be raised. This is because the winds take up moisture very quickly. When they cease to blow, therefore, or blow less hard, the rainfall is increased. Indeed, it has been thought that even the terrible Sahara desert itself might be made fertile by planting trees. It is known that springs of water in the oasis disappear if the trees are for any reason destroyed, and also that new springs appear in the spots where they have been made to grow.

None, perhaps, can appreciate so fully their loveliness and charm as those who have crossed the desert plains of the great West. How the passengers on the overland train crowd about the little plats of grass (carefully guarded by iron fences), where trees are growing, while such exclamations as "Oh! don't they look good?" "How it rests one to see those trees!" "I never appreciated trees before!" are heard on every side.

Now of their use as homes for birds and animals.

See that nest on the top bough? Hear those robins twittering from the leafy sprays above our heads, while from bough to bough dart the nimble squirrels, peering at us with sharp eyes as much as to say,—“O, you poor people, you have to be shut up in boards and bricks and roofings. You are to be pitied! Don’t you envy us, and wish you were as free as we?” And the woodpecker taps, away on the old trunk industriously getting his dinner. Ah, these, our lesser brothers and sisters, would be bereft indeed were they deprived of their leafy habitations!—*Eleanor Root, Nebraska Manual*, 1902.

ARBOR DAY.

'Tis said that he has done some good
On life's eternal shore,
Who makes two blades of grass to grow
Where one had grown before.
Much better, then, is he who plants
Within the arid zone,
And makes a giant tree to grow
Where none before had grown.

Behold them in Nebraska
Upon the prairie plains,
Great groves of trees—man's planting,
Their presence there explains—
A shelter from the north wind
When boreas thundered forth,
A shield against the hot blasts
That swept up from the south.

They planted them for shelter,
For crops and lowing herds,
They planted them for beauty.
And homes for singing birds.
The good J. Sterling Morton,
Remembered be for aye!
His noble mind and kindly heart
Bequeathed us Arbor Day.

Great oaks upon the mountains
Destined to sail the seas,
We take from Nature's storehouse
And use them as we please;
They fight for us our battles
And breast the ocean's foam,
And planted in our dooryard
They beautify our home.

And straightway feathered songsters,
With throats that burst with glee,
Make their abode and warble there
An anthem for the free.
We feel a touch celestial
Reanimating clay,
O spare the birds! O plant a tree
On every Arbor Day!

—*Will C. Meyers, Gillman, Colorado.*

From the Colorado Arbor Day and Bird Day Notes, issued April
15th, 1904.

THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

I hear it beat in the morning still
When April skies have lost their gloom,
And thru the woods there runs a thrill
That wakes Arbutus into bloom.

I hear a throb in the sprouting May,—
A muffled murmur on the breeze,
Like mellow thunder leagues away,
A booming voice of distant seas.

In daisied June I catch its roll,
Pulsing through the leafy shade;
And fain I am to reach its goal,
And see the drummer unafraid.

Or when the autumn leaves are shed
And frosts attend the fading year,
Like secret mine sprung by my tread,
A covey burst from hiding near.

I feel its pulse 'mid winter snows,
And feel my own with added force,
When red ruff drops his cautious pose,
And forward takes his humming course.

The startled birches shake their curls,
A withered leaf leaps in the breeze.—
Some hidden mortar speaks, and hurls
Its feathered missile through the trees.

Compact of life, of fervent wing,
A dynamo of feathered power,
Thy drum is music in the spring,
Thy flight is music every hour.

—John Burroughs in the Atlantic.

SOME USEFUL NORTH DAKOTA BIRDS.

While the people of the state are coming to a realization of the value of our soil and grass and coal, there are other natural resources whose worth very few appreciate. I desire to call attention to the economic value of a few of our native birds. It is needless to say that many other species besides those I shall mention would give a similar account of themselves.

Let me take first the commonest and best known bird of the state—the meadowlark. The cheerful and sweet but energetic and business-like delivery of his little message attracts the attention of everybody, and endears him to young and old. Were the farmer to pay for these vocal solos at the rate of a nickel apiece, his musical entertainment would cost him more than his cigars. But the meadowlark prefers the open air to the opera house, a wire fence to a stage and grasshoppers to nickels. However, I did not mean to speak of his value from an esthetic standpoint, but should like rather to make you see that the meadowlarks of the state are worth more than all the hopperdozers ever invented. They do the same work, and do it without the expense of kerosene and horses and drivers. The United States Department of Agriculture has made a very elaborate study of the meadowlark's diet, and has left no doubt that injurious insects constitute the staple of his *menu*. In fact, he does not care for relishes or desserts, and when grasshoppers, caterpillars and beetle carvoe are plentiful he shuns all kinds of vegetable diet. It is estimated that he will easily consume fifty grasshoppers a day. Now, if the number of birds breeding in one square mile of prairie is five pairs, and the number of young that reach maturity is only two for each pair, or ten in all, there will be twenty birds on one square mile during the grasshopper season. On this basis the birds would destroy 30,000 grasshoppers in one month. Would you like to know how much grass these would have eaten? It is computed in this way. The average weight of a grasshopper is 15.4 grains, and his daily food is easily equal to his own weight. Assuming that each hopper, if let alone, would have lived and dined upon prairie grass for thirty days, the thousand grasshoppers eaten by the meadowlarks each day represent a saving of 2.2 pounds of forage, or 66 pounds for the month. This is considerably over a ton per township. But that is not all. If these insects were not destroyed, they would multiply and soon reach such numbers that they might devour all the vegetation of the

state, as they have often done over more limited areas. These figures are not my theory. They are taken from reports of government experts. The meadowlark ranks among the most efficient birds as a grasshopper destroyer. Each one represents a positive asset. He is a faithful laborer for our state. If he asks no pay, we should at least understand and appreciate his services.

Let us now consider our birds of prey—the hawks and owls. The ill-feeling against these is general, and is shared by those who should be among the first to clamor for their protection. This is, of course, owing to lack of discrimination. It is here true that “a little knowledge”—on the part of the man with the gun—“is a dangerous thing”—to the bird. Simply because a few hawks like a spring chicken dinner, many of our people call half our species “hen hawks” and the others “chicken hawks.” Now, as a matter of fact, there are probably eighteen species of hawks and eleven species of owls in our state, and only three of these feed to any great extent upon birds. They are the goosehawk, Cooper’s hawk and the sharp shinned hawk. Besides these there are a few birds whose harmful and beneficial habits balance. This class includes the golden eagle, bald eagle and pigeon hawk, Richardson’s hawk, prairie falcon, and great horned owl. That gives us about twenty-two species of hawks and owls that are wholly or chiefly beneficial.

Thousands of dollars have been spent in this state for strychnine, and in bounties for gopher tails. Now, many of our hawks and owls wage a continuous warfare upon the gophers or ground squirrels. As an example of this beneficent work we may take Swainson’s hawk, probably the commonest on the prairies of this state. He feeds upon insects and small quadrupeds, chief among which in North Dakota are grasshoppers and gophers. As many as 130 grasshoppers have been found in this bird’s stomach after a single meal. If there are a hundred birds to the township, each eating a hundred grasshoppers a day for a period of a hundred days, which is little more than half of the time they sojourn in the state, then there are a million dead hoppers to their credit in that town. But it is well known that Swainson’s hawk is a great enemy of the ground squirrel, so you may substitute a gopher for the hundred grasshoppers. Our hawks then would slay ten thousand to the township, and consider that they were kept on short rations. If you give them a mixed diet, your bill for the labor will be no smaller.

The owls will pass a similar examination. The little burrowing owl, the most familiar upon our prairies is pre-eminently an insect-eater. It will also take mice and small gophers, but will rarely catch a bird. To all who have observed or read upon this subject it is well known that the owls supplement the work of the hawks.

the latter hunting by day and the former in the dawn and twilight. It is needless to go into further details with individual species either of hawks or owls.

The penal code of North Dakota provides that any person who shoots or kills any song-bird or insect-eating bird, except snipe or plover, at any time is punishable by a fine of ten dollars for each bird so killed. "Insect-eating birds" would probably include most of our hawks and owls, but it would seem well to add birds of prey as a class, with the exception of the few species whose sins outweigh their virtues. It may be true that few people could identify the three hawks named above, but to spare them all indiscriminately would be a thousand times better than to exterminate all, for the benefit rendered to our state by the birds of prey as a whole is probably a thousand times greater than the harm done by the family.—*C. C. Schmidt, Teachers' College University in School Education.*

MEMORY GEMS.

THE BIRDS' RETURN.

Now the days are full of music!
All the birds are back again;
In the tree-tops, in the meadows,
In the woodlands, on the plain.
See them darting through the sunshine!
Hear them singing loud and clear!
How they love the busy springtime,
Sweetest time of all the year!

—*Katherine Beebe, in Primary Education.*

"Cheer up, cheer up!" just hear him,
Far down that leafy lane,—
A crimson breasted robin
A-whistling in the rain.

Never a minor chord, never a doleful note;
Glad of the day, be it bright or gray,—
Nature's philosopher, singing away,
In his rusty old brown coat.

—*Lucy H. Thurston.*

They'll come again to the apple tree,—
Robin and all the rest,—
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of blossoms dressed;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster.*

THE CATBIRD.

He sits on the branch of yon blossoming tree,
This mad-cap cousin of Robin and Thrush,
And sings without ceasing the whole morning long;
Now wild, now tender, the wayward song
That flows from his soft gray, fluttering throat;
But oft he stops in his sweetest note,
And shaking a flower from the blossoming bough,
Drawls out: "Mi-eu, mi-ow!"

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
"Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link,
Spink, Spank, Spink."

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires
And chitter, and flitter, and fold their wings;
Maybe they think that for them and their sires,
Stretched always, on purpose, those wonderful strings,
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds among other things.

Little things on the lines of our lives,—
Hopes and joys and acts to-day,
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say;
Yet, from end to end, His meaning arrives,
And his word runs underneath all the way.
—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

"Oh, the bobolink is merry
And the robin full of glee
And a bluebird's nest is building
In the gnarled old apple tree."

And hark how bright the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean teacher;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.

—*Wordsworth.*

"You call them thieves and pillagers, but know,
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvest keep a hundred harms."

—From Longfellow's *"Birds of Killingworth."*

THE MEADOW LARK.

And the meadow lark! I have a quarrel with whoever named him. He is ill-named; and that is unfair dealing with man or bird. This jaunty bird is not a meadow lark; he is a prairie lark. A meadow is civilized and the lark is not civilized. Meadows with tame grass grow too eagerly, and mature too precociously, for this bird of the dappled yellow breast to nest his young and get them ready for their lifelong voyage across the fields. But the prairie grasses, to which this sweet bird is native, grow slow enough to allow all gentle larks to be graduated from their nests before ever a sickle clatters across the hayfield. The prairie lark! Now, that is delicious. Now I know why his garments are mottled like the hawk's and the prairie chickens; now I know why his breast is yellow. 'Tis watching for the dawn so long as to have caught and held the earliest yellow rays of summer on his breast when morning spilled its light through twenty million dew drops on his heart. Now I know why his voice is haunting, why it haunts me so. It is the laughter of the prairie. It is the prairie gladness lifted to a song.

Henry Van Dyke, in his poem on "The Veery," has this home touch of saying how he heard in foreign lands the nightingale, the lavlock and the blackbird; but when he heard each in his native day or night, himself was homesick for the veery. I like him for that mood, but, by his courtesy, will retain my preference for the prairie lark. No song pleases me like his. No laughter, save a woman's or a babe's, is quite so sweet. The whip-poor-will with his sad fluting is a minor poet and musician (dear as he is to my heart) to the prairie lark. Him I listen for on the brown pre-springtime prairies. Spring is come to me when I hear that willowy melody flute out and spill along the prairie waiting for the dawn of spring.—*Bishop William A. Quayle, in "The Prairie and the Sea."*

THE CATBIRD.

Down where the alder branches form a tent
Above the stream's low bed of moss and reeds,
A damp retreat which insect hordes frequent,
The shy gray catbird flits about and feeds.

Concealed within the thicket's tangled shade,
Unrecognized we'd pass the jester by,
Were not his presence suddenly betrayed
By a discordant, unexpected cry.

But when the sun awakes the drowsy east,
And every pasture blade with gems is hung,
From some tall oak the bird pours forth a feast
Of melody that makes the old world young.

Or when at evening brooding shadows fall
Across the briar's incense laden heart,
He sings so sweet and clear a madrigal
We listen spell-bound to the minstrel's art.

Buffoon and poet rule by turns the breast
Of this shy bird of sweet and varied lay;
But he who hears him sing forgets the jest,
And in his heart bears but the song away.

—*Adelina F. Dyer.*

LIFE IN THE NEST.

Blithely twitting, gaily flitting
Thru the budding glen;
Golden crested, sunny-breasted,
Goes the tiny wren.
Peeping, musing, picking, choosing,
Work is found at last;
Moss and feather, twined together—
Home is shaped at last.

Brisk as ever, quick and clever,
Brimming with delight—
Six wee beauties, bring new duties,
Work from morn till night.
Peeping, musing, picking, choosing,
Work is found at last,
Moss and feather, twined together—
Home is shaped at last.

BIRDS AND POETS.

Harriete Wilbur, Duluth, Minn.

(Colored pictures of the sixteen birds presented in this program may be obtained from School Education ; price, two cents each.)

As each child recites his stanza he holds up the colored plate so all may see ; after finishing, he places it where it will be seen for the remainder of the exercise. After giving the title of the stanza, the name of the poet shall be added, then the selection recited.

Any pretty bird-songs may be inserted here and there. Some suitable ones will be found in the stage-play, "The Bird's Carnival."
—*Summer Helper*.

1. THE BLUEBIRD.

Winged lute that we call a bluebird,
You blend in your silver strain,
The sound of the laughing water,
The patter of spring's sweet rain,
The voice of the winds, the sunshine,
The fragrance of blossoming things,
Ah! You are an April poem,
That God has dowered with wings.

—*Eben Eugene Rexford*.

2. The ROBIN.

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
Through the garden's lonely bowers,
Till the green leaves dance again,
Till the air is sweet with flowers!
Wake the cowslips by the rill,
Wake the yellow daffodil!
Robin's come!

—*William W. Caldwell*.

3. THE SONG SPARROW.

There is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle-joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is that, every year,
Sings "Sweet! sweet! sweet! very merry cheer."

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

4. THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

At some glad moment was it Nature's choice,
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

5. THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

So dainty in plumage and hue,
A study in grey and in brown,
How little, how little we knew
The pest he would prove to the town!

—*Mary Isabelle Forsyth.*

6. THE HUMMING BIRD.

A flash of harmless lightning,
A mist of rainbow dyes,
The burnished sunbeams brightening,
From flower to flower he flies.

—*John Bannister Tabb.*

7. THE OVEN BIRD.

—
In the days of spring migrations,
Days when nesting birds move northward,
To the forest, to the leaf beds,
Comes the tiny oven builder.

Daintily the dead leaves lifting,
Underneath them builds his oven,
Arched and framed with last year's oak leaves,
Roofed and walled against the raindrops.

Hour by hour his voice he raises,
"Teach us! teach us!" is his asking.
"Teach us! teach us!" comes responsive
From the solemn listening forest.

—*Frank Bolles.*

8. THE PEWEE.

—
In the deep lonely forest, I sat me down
Beside the brook, irresolute,
And watched a little bird in suit
Of sober olive, soft and brown,
Perched in the maple-branches, mute;
With greenish gold its vest was fringed,
Its tiny cap was ebon-tinged,
With ivory pale its wings were barred,
And its dark eyes were tender-starred.
"Dear bird," I said, "what is thy name?"
And thrice the mournful answer came,
So faint and far, and yet so near,—
"Pe—wee! pe—wee! peer!"

—*John Townsend Trowbridge.*

9. WILD GEESE.

—
Hark, what a clamor goes winging through the sky!
Look, children! Listen to the sound so wild and high!
Like a peal of broken bells—kling, klang, kling—
Far and high the wild geese cry, "Spring! It is Spring!"
—*Celia Thaxter.*

10. THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

11. "WHIP-POOR-WILL."

Now all the twilight range seemed still,
The night air settled soft and sweet;
When forth it burst—clear, slow, complete,
The evening call of "Whip-poor-will!"
Then suddenly, across the hill,—
Long, low and sweet, with dreamy fall
Yet true and mellow, call for call,
Elate, and with a human thrill,—
Came the far answer: "Whip-poor-will!"

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

12. "BOB WHITE."

I see you, on the zigzag rails,
You cheery little fellow!
While purple leaves are whirling down
And scarlet, brown and yellow.
I hear you when the air is full
Of snow-down of the thistle;
All in your speckled jacket trim,
"Bob White! Bob White!" you whistle.

—*George Cooper.*

13. THE WHITE OWL.



When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold on the ground
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

14. THE DOWNY WOODPECKER.



Do you know a little bird
That in mourning shades is dressed
Black and white upon his wings,
Black and white upon his head—
Underneath, a bib of white
On his pretty throat and breast;
While above, upon his nape,
Gleams a shining bow of red?

—*Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly.*

15. CROWS.



That is a distant cawing
Growing louder—coming nearer,
Tells of crows returning inland
From their winter on the marshes.

—*Frank Bolles.*

16. THE BOBOLINK.



Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him calling his merry note:
Bob—o—link, bob—o—link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine,
Chee, chee, chee.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.



1. March.
2. Memory Gems.
3. Song.
4. Reading of Governor's Proclamation.
5. Recitation. Arbor Day.
6. Reading. The Meadow Lark.
7. Recitation. The Whistle Tree.
8. Short Sketches of Historic Trees.
9. Song. Our Mother's Tree.
10. Birds and Poets.
11. Talk on Arbor Day, by teacher or some invited guest.
12. Planting of the tree.
13. Song. Standing about the Tree.

MEMORIAL DAY

May 30

THOUGHTS FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

Till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow ;
till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs
forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh
with reverent honor, which are inscribed upon the book of National
Remembrance.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went and who returned not.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

The army of Grant and the army of Lee are together. They are
one in faith, one in hope, in fraternity, in purpose, and in an in-
vincible patriotism. In justice strong, in policy secure, and in de-
votion to the flag, all one.—*William McKinley.*

“We bring a tender song,
Whose echoes linger long
Above their beds.
Sing—reverently and low,—
Sing—lovingly and low,—
Above their heads!”

“Peace! Let us mingle love’s sweet tears with pity’s
For those who bought the heritage we own,
Who gave their all, and in death’s silent cities
Have but the nameless epitaph, *Unknown.*”

The only debt that the nation can never repay is the one to her
old soldiers.

Grave deep their memory on your hearts,
Keep ye their country free;
Live for the flag for which they died—
This is their legacy.

—N. M. Lowater.

Out of the sorrows common alike to North and South came this beautiful custom. But Decoration Day no longer belongs to those who mourn. It is the common privilege of us all, and will be celebrated as long as gratitude exists and flowers bloom.—*Chauncy M. Depew.*

Not there, but risen, redeemed, they go,
Where all the paths are sweet with flowers;
They fought to give us peace, and lo!
They gain a greater peace than ours.

—Phoebe Cary.

Besides the material results of the Civil War, we are all, North and South, incalculably richer for its memories. We are richer for each grim campaign, for each hard fought battle. We are richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right and by those who, no less valiantly, fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good because of the infinite woe and suffering and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.—*Theodore Roosevelt, in American Ideals.*

“Not simply a show time, boys and girls,
Is this day of falling flowers,
Not a pageant, a play, nor a holiday
Of flags and floral bowers.
It is something more than the day that starts
War memories athrob in the veterans’ hearts.
For across the years,
To the hopes and fears,
To the days of battle,
Of roar and rattle—
To the past that now seems far away,
Do the sons of the Blue and the sons of Gray
Gaze—hand clasping hand—Decoration Day.”

"Of the Blue or the Gray, what matter to-day!
For each some fond heart weeps;
So, children dear, make the spot less drear,
Wherever a soldier sleeps."

—*Selected.*

I am not accustomed to the language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of woman was applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war.
—*Abraham Lincoln.*

My fellow countrymen of the North, we join you in setting apart this land as an enduring monument of peace, brotherhood and perpetual union. I repeat the thought with additional emphasis, with singleness of heart and purpose, in the name of a common country, and of universal human liberty; and, by the blood of our fallen brothers, we unite in the solemn consecration of these hallowed hills, as a holy, eternal pledge of fidelity to the life, freedom and unity of this cherished Republic.—*John B. Gordon.*

I will treasure up the memory of the Nation's dead and on every suitable occasion, as long as life lasts, will present them anew to the youth of this country, as noble examples of heroism and patriotism.—*General William T. Sherman.*

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men should be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

—*Longfellow.*

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

—*Longfellow.*

They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they slew the monster of their time. All honor to the brave! They kept our country on the map of the world, and our flag in heaven.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

A debt we ne'er can repay,
 To them is justly due.
 And to the nation's latest day
 Our children's children still shall say,
 "They died for me and you!"
 Four hundred thousand of the brave
 Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
 For me and you!
 Good friend, for me and you!

"We visit the graves of our soldiers today.
 While nature is robed with the beauty of May;
 We'll carry of flowers the brightest with care,
 Of tender affection the emblems so fair,
 New anthems of praise and thanksgiving we sing,
 While garlands and wreaths in profusion we bring;
 And thousands will bless, from each station in life,
 The gallant and noble who fell in the strife."

We want it distinctly understood that there is but one nation here, and that the American nation. Only the man who can distinguish between liberty and license is welcome here.—*Rev. Father Dalton.*

The noble nation is before my soul's vision. Giant in stature, comely in feature, buoyant in the freshness of morning youth, matronly in prudent stepping, the ethereal breezes of liberty waving with loving touch her tresses, she is, no one seeing her doubts, the queen, the conqueror, the mistress, the teacher of coming ages.
 * * * The nation of the future! Need I name it? Your hearts quiver loving it.

"My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing."

—*Bishop Ireland.*

THE ESSENCE OF PATRIOTISM.

The essence of patriotism lies in a willingness to sacrifice for one's country, just as true greatness finds expression, not in blessings enjoyed, but in good bestowed. Read the words inscribed on the monuments reared by loving hands to the heroes of the past; they do not speak of wealth inherited, or honors bought, or of hours in leisure spent, but of service done. Twenty years, forty years, a life or a life's most precious blood he yielded up for the welfare of his fellows—this is the simple story which proves that it is now, and ever has been more blessed to give than to receive.

The officer was a patriot when he gave his ability to his country and risked his name and fame upon the fortunes of war; the private soldier was a patriot when he took his place in the ranks and offered his body as a bulwark to protect the flag; the wife was a patriot when she bade her husband farewell and gathered about her the little brood over which she must exercise both a mother's and a father's care; and if there can be degrees in patriotism, the mother stood first among the patriots when she gave to the nation her sons, the divinely appointed support of her declining years, and as she brushed the tears away, thanked God that He had given her the strength to rear strong and courageous sons for the battlefield.—*W. J. Bryan.*

RECITATION—LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

BY A BOY.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place of those who gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Song—Star Spangled Banner.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory;
Those, in the gloom of defeat;
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Brodered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

—*Francis Miles Finch.*

MEMORIAL DAY.

There is no such thing as the death of patriotism. The defenders of our glorious America may die in the line of battle, grow old and die, but patriotism lives on through the ages. The foundation principles of this country are patriotic, and together with the teachings of home, church and school, patriotism is instilled in the minds of the young as soon as they are able to comprehend that they are Americans—native or adopted. To be an American citizen is a glorious inheritance. While this Memorial day is in a measure one of mourning, we cannot help but feel enthusiasm and gladness when we look upon the magnificent emblems of our country, waving from building after building and worn upon the breasts of the children that are to defend our country after us. Upon the graves of the dead heroes in yonder cemetery we lay a wreath of flowers, nature's most beautiful and purest production, and as we drop a tear in memory of their vigorous life now passed out, we cannot help thinking how glorious and honorable the grave of the soldier dead. All hail, Memorial Day, and may it continue in magnificence in all time to come.—*Selected, Iowa.*

“I’M ONLY A REGULAR.”

El Caney: The battle was over. In the midst of the dead and dying were two New York volunteers and a soldier of the regular army, lying there suffering in the burning sun. Suddenly the regular saw an opportunity to get a canteen from a dead Spanish sharpshooter. With difficulty he crawled the 300 yards necessary to reach the water. But instead of quenching his own thirst, wounded as he was, he painfully dragged himself back to his comrades, and died lifting the canteen to their lips. “I’m only a regular,” he said, “you fellows have folks at home waiting for you.”—*Nebraska Manual*.

GETTYSBURG.

You wore the blue and I the gray
On this historic field;
And all throughout the dreadful fray
We felt our muscles steeled
For deeds which men may never know,
Nor page of history ever show.

My father, sir, with soul to dare,
Throughout the day and night,
Stood on old Little Round Top there,
And watched the changeful fight,
And, with a hoarse, inspiring cry,
Held up the stars and bars on high.

At last the flag went down, and then—
Ah, you can guess the rest—
I never saw his face again.
My father's loyal breast
Is strewn with these sweet flow'rs, I wot,
That seem to love this sacred spot.

The smoke of battle's cleared away,
And all its hatreds, too;
And as I clasp your hand to-day,
O, man who wore the blue,
On yonder hill I seem to see
My father smiling down to me.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes.

Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

Let me picture to you the footsore confederate soldier, as buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders.

Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone; without money, credit, material, or training; and besides all this confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow, horses that had charged federal guns marched before the plow, and fields

that ran red with blood in April, were green with the harvest in June. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering.

In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

—*Henry W. Grady*

RESOLUTIONS.

Adopted by Eleventh Legislative Assembly :

Whereas, under Divine Providence, the death of our former citizen, Hon. John Miller, has again brought to our attention the unfailing end which in perpetual succession reminds man that his relations with things earthly must soon terminate; therefore,

We, the members of the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring, with a common emotion of regret, respect and reverence, join in availing ourselves of the proud, though melancholy, privilege of paying our last tribute to the memory of the distinguished dead;

Resolved, That in the death of ex-Governor John Miller, the state has lost one of its best executives—the public one of its ablest defenders, and society one of its best citizens; further

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the Journal of the Senate and House of Representatives and a certified copy thereof be presented or sent to the widow of the deceased.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst in the fullness of years, the Hon. Eli C. D. Shortridge, a former Governor of our state, reminding us how frail and transitory is this life; therefore,

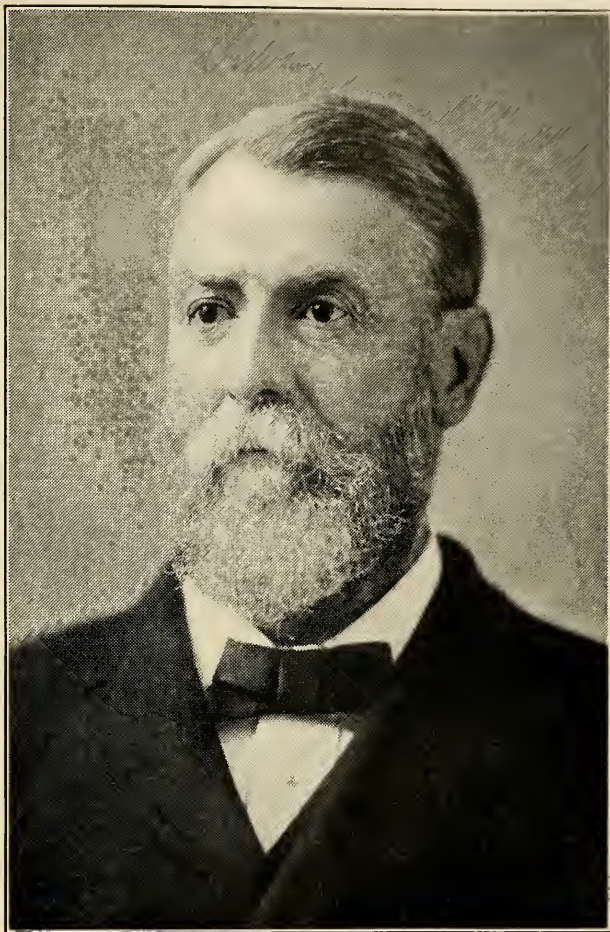
We, the members of the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring, appreciating simplicity and integrity in every walk of life, deem it fitting to pay to the deceased our last tribute of respect;

Resolved, That in the death of ex-Governor Eli C. D. Shortridge, the state has lost a man of unpretended learning and unaffected simplicity; a man possessing a large-heartedness and genial courtesy; one who was adorned with practical virtues and noble manhood; further,

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the Journals of the Senate and House of Representatives and a certified copy thereof be presented or sent to the widow of the deceased.

SOLDIER

SCHOOL MASTER



WILLIAM MITCHELL,

First State Superintendent of Public Instruction,

Nov. 4, 1889—March 10, 1890.

Born in Ohio.

Died Bismarck, N. D., March 10, 1890.

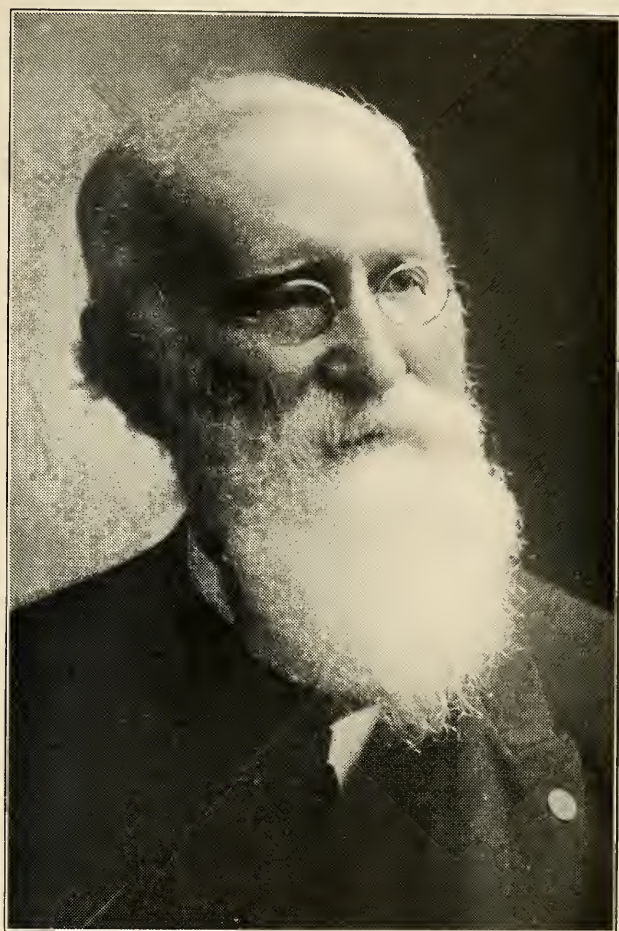
Captain Co. A, 96th Ohio Infantry. Came to North Dakota in the early '80's.

County Superintendent of Cass County.

North Dakota owes him a debt of gratitude for the great work which he did in laying the foundation of our state educational system.

SOLDIER

SCHOOL MASTER



JOHN OGDEN.

Third State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

1891—1893.

Born in Ohio, 1824.

Still living at the ripe old age of 85.

Taught for many years in Ohio. At one time principal Normal School, Winona, Minn.

Principal of Territorial Normal School, Milnor, N. D.

A Volunteer and First Lieutenant in Union Army, 1862-65.

As a teacher he left a lasting impress upon thousands of young people who sat under his instruction.

MEMORIAL

JOHN MILLER,

First Governor of North Dakota,

Nov. 4, 1889, to Jan., 1891.

Born Oct. 29, 1843, Tompkins, N. Y.

Died Oct. 26, 1908, Duluth, Minn.

Came to North Dakota, 1880.

Prominent in early political affairs of the state.

As Governor, he prevented the stigma of the Louisiana Lottery from being fastened upon our state.

An honest public official. A high-minded man.

ELI C. D. SHORTRIDGE,

Third Governor of North Dakota,

1893—1895.

Born March 29, 1830, in Missouri.

Died Feb., 1908, Devils Lake, North Dakota.

Came to North Dakota in 1882.

Honored and respected by all who knew him.

GONE INTO CAMP.

Thin are the blue-clad ranks to-day, once half a million strong,
And slow and feeble are the feet that once marched far and long;
Once more together they will march with slow, uncertain tramp,
To see their comrades who have gone before them into camp.

The tents are spread—the low, green tents, whose curtains tightly
close;

No reveille will waken those who sweetly here repose;
No more their weary feet will toil o'er highways rough and damp—
For them the long, hard march is done, for they've gone into camp.

Their comrades come with songs and flowers, the banner of their
love

Floats proudly out upon the air, their low, close tents above;
Ah, many a mile they followed it with strong and steady tramp
Before they heard the order given—"Break ranks—go into camp!"

—*American Primary Teacher.*

DECORATION DAY.

We give this peaceful day to hope,
O country of our love and prayer;
The way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air!

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
To meet new tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep; but men remain
As wise, as true, as brave as they,
Why count the loss and not the gain?
The best is that we have to-day.

O land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee our sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

—J. G. Whittier.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.

FLAG DAY

June 14

OUR FLAG.

One hundred and thirty-two years ago to-day, June fourteenth, 1777, Congress in session at Philadelphia resolved, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; the Union to be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation, the stars to be arranged in a circle."

There is little doubt that Betsy Ross made the first flag and that she made them for the government for several years. There is an entry of a draft on the United States Treasury, May, 1777, "Pay Betsy Ross £14 12s. 2d. for flags for fleet in the Delaware river."

It is claimed that the first using of the flag in actual military service was at Fort Stanwix, now Rome, N. Y., in 1777.

At Washington's inauguration the flag remained in its original form, but in 1794, two stripes and two stars were added in recognition of the admission of two new states, Vermont and Kentucky. After that additions to the number of states were so frequent that it was thought some change must be made, and acting upon the suggestion of Captain S. C. Reid, Congress, on April 4, 1818, passed a bill reducing the number of stripes to thirteen and providing for the increase in the number of stars, one for each incoming state. The number of stars has increased rapidly, until last independence day saw the forty-sixth added to the field of our flag.

The Journal of American History tells us how the name of "Old Glory" came to be given to our flag.

"As the tie that binds the United States was held by the government at Washington to be one that could not be severed, no star was taken from the flag during the conflict 1861-1865. It was at this time that the term "Old Glory" was first applied to our flag. Stephen Driver had been a sea captain before the Civil War and sailed from Salem, Massachusetts, to foreign lands. Once, when in a foreign port, for some important service rendered the people, he received from them a beautiful American flag. A priest blessed it as it rose to the mast head of his ship, and Captain Driver made a solemn promise to defend it with his life, if need be. Giving up the sea, he made his home in Nashville, Tenn. He opposed secession. When the war began, to secrete the flag, he sewed it in a quilt, and every night slept beneath it. He it was who named it "Old Glory."

OUR FLAG

Fling it from mast and steeple,
Symbol o'er land and sea
Of the life of a happy people,
Gallant and strong and free.
Proudly we view its colors,
Flag of the brave and true,
With the clustered stars and steadfast bars,
The red, the white and the blue.

Flag of the fearless hearted,
Flag of the broken chain,
Flag in a day-dawn started,
Never to pale or wane.
Dearly we prize its colors,
With the heaven light breaking through,
The clustered stars and the steadfast bars,
The red, the white and the blue.

LEAD THOU US ON.

Lead, glorious Flag, encircled by our love,

Lead thou us on—

Tho' skies grow dark, and stars be hid above,

Lead thou us on.

Keep thou our hearts, our footsteps guard and guide,

In peace with thee may all earth's flags abide.

For thy red stripes heart's blood hath poured like rain,

Yet lead us on—

A million men for thy bright stars were slain,

Yet lead us on.

Lead now to peace, for brighter light appears.

Lead, glorious Flag, thro' all the coming years!

—Isabel Worrell Ball.

TOAST TO THE FLAG.

Your Flag, and my Flag,
 And how it flies to-day
 In your land and my land
 And half a world away.
 Rose red and blood red
 Its stripes forever gleam,
 Soul white and snow white,
 The good forefathers' dream.
 Sky blue and true blue,
 With stars to gleam aright
 A gloried guidon in the day,
 A shelter through the night.

Your Flag, and my Flag!
 And oh, how much it holds
 Your land and my land
 Secure within its folds;
 Your heart and my heart
 Beat quicker at the sight,
 Sun kissed and wind tossed,
 The red and blue and white.
 The one Flag, the great Flag,
 The Flag for me and you.—
 Glorified all else beside,
 The Red and White and Blue.

—*W. B. Nesbit.*

* * * * *

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,
 At anchor safe she swings,
 And loud and clear with cheer on cheer
 Her joyous welcome rings:
 Hurah! Hurah! it shakes the wave,
 It thunders on the shore,—
 One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
 One Nation evermore.

—*Holmes.*—

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given.
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly.
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud

Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

Let reverence of the law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, seminaries and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits, and proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice; in short, *let it become the political religion of the nation.*—Lincoln.

THE BEST DECORATION.

They've hung a big Old Glory on a rope across the street,
And just to see it flutter puts a tickle in my feet,
And sends a crinkle up my back and down into each arm—
It makes me hear the bugle call and feel war's awful charm;
I hear the fife notes shrilling and the throbbing of the drum;
I hear the yell of battle as the thund'rous hoof thuds come;
I see men's bodies falling, tho' their spirits never flag—
Such thrills as this run through me when I see that swaying flag!

Look, look! The breeze has caught it up and holds it, while the sun
Sets all its stripes a-glitter, while the ripples race and run!
The glory of those ruddy bands shut in by lanes of white
Floods all my dusky desk room with a lingering, loving light;
I drop my work enraptured; while, to break that magic spell,
I doff my hat and wave it with a loud ecstatic yell—
I love that flag! I love it with a love 'twould dare and die—
God bless those glorious stars and stripes flung out against the sky!

I love it as did Francis Key, who penned the immortal song;
I love it with a fervor that can never think it wrong;
I love it for the freedom it has given unto men;
I love it for its beauty, for its gracefulness, and then
I love it with the patriot love that never wonders why,
But sheds hot tears when e'er those folds he sees athwart the sky;
I love it for the lessons it has taught to men of brag—
But most of all I love it just because it is our flag!

—*Baltimore American.*

Thanksgiving Day

Last Thursday in November

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

Air, Portuguese Hymn.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day, and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth, and the fruits of our prime,
And blessings e'er marching the pathway of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is dear—
The sob of the tempest—the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness, and never in vain,
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father, for song and for feast—
The harvest that glowed, and the wealth that increased;
For never a blessing encompassed thy child,
But thou in thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank thee, O Father of all! for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour;
The generous heart and the bountiful hand,
And all the soul-help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to thee;
That all our eternity form, through thy love,
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

—*Will Carleton*

EARLY THANKSGIVING DAYS.

(For six pupils.)

1. The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.
2. The first English Thanksgiving was on September 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.
3. There have been but two English Thanksgivings in this century. One was on February 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the Queen's Jubilee.
4. The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1633 when the Massachusetts Bay colony set apart a day for Thanksgiving.
5. The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were by Congress during the Revolutionary War.
6. The first great American Thanksgiving was in 1784, for the declaration of peace. There was one more national Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1863, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving. Since that time the President has issued an annual proclamation.

—*From the Iowa Manual.*

AUTUMN.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

—J. G. Whittier.

THANKSGIVING.

We hallow the day as our fathers did,
With a mingling of gladness and praise and prayer,
With a willing boon for the lowliest shed,*
That the hungry and poor in our thanks may share,
And the scantiest table be freely spread,
And the lip of the mourner a blessing bear.

—*Hannah E. G. Arey.*

THANKSGIVING DAY.

It is not the yellow ripened corn,
Nor wheat that's stored away;
It is not health, it is not wealth,
That makes Thanksgiving day.

'Tis something sweeter, dearer still,
That ne'er can know decay;
'Tis country, home and friends in one
That make Thanksgiving day.

—*Sarah E. Sprague.*

A MORNING THANKSGIVING.

For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For everything His goodness sends,
We thank the Heavenly Father.

—*M. J. Garland.*

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

(Air—"America.")

O thou, whose eye of love
Looks on us from above
 Low at thy throne
We come to thee and pray
That, gleanings day by day,
Our grateful hearts alway
 Thy hand may own.

Thine are the waving fields,
Thy hand the harvest yields;
 And unto thee
To whom for rain and dew,
And skies of sunny blue,
Our love and praise are due,
 We bend the knee.

And when beneath the trees
In fairer fields than these
 Our glad feet roam,
There where the bright harps ring,
May we our gleanings bring,
And in thy presence sing
 Our harvest home.

—*From Song Budget.*

WE OFFER THANKS.

For earlier and for later rain,
And seasons with their wonted train;
For bounty given through all the year,
And bins heaped high with harvest cheer;
For fleecy clouds and skies of blue,
For all earth's beauty ever new;
For all the hopes which, fair and bright,
Attend the morrow's dawning light,
And promise joys for days to be,
We offer thanks, O Lord to Thee.

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM.

Oh, the farm was bright, Thanksgiving morn,
With its stacks of hay and its shocks of corn,
Its pumpkins heaped in the rambling shed,
And its apples brown and green and red;
And in the cellar its winter store
In bins that were filled and running o'er
With all the things that a farm could keep
In barrel and bin and goodly heap.
Oh, the farm was a pleasant place that day.

Out back of the house the orchard stood,
Then came the brook and the chestnut wood,
The old sawmill where the children play,
The fodder barn with its piles of hay,
The walnut grove and the cranberry bog,
The woodchuck hole and the barking dog,
The wintergreen and the robber's cave,
Wherein who entered were counted brave,
The skating pond with its fringe of hay.
Oh, the farm was pleasant Thanksgiving Day!

—*Frank H. Sweet, in The Independent.*

THANKSGIVING.

The year rolls round its circle,
The seasons come and go;
The harvest days are ended,
And chilly north winds blow;
Orchards have lent their treasures
And fields their yellow grains,
So open wide the doorway;
Thanksgiving comes again.

—I. N. Tarbox.

NOVEMBER.

And now with Autumn's moonlit eves
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves
And bear the treasure home.
Then let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

—Whittier.

THE MAGIC VINE.

A fairy seed I planted,
So dry and white and old;
There sprang a vine enchanted
With magic flowers of gold.

I watched it, I tended it,
And truly by and by
It bore a Jack-o'-lantern
And a great Thanksgiving pie.

—*Tree Top and Meadow.*

THE PIE.

Hurrah for the tiny seed!
Hurrah for the flower and vine!
Hurrah for the golden pumpkin,
Yellow and plump and fine!
But better than all beginnings,
Sure nobody can deny,
Is the end of the whole procession—
This glorious pumpkin pie.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

NOVEMBER.

Trees bare and brown,
Dry leaves everywhere,
Dancing up and down,
Whirling through the air.
Red-cheeked apples roasted,
Popcorn almost done,
Toes and chestnuts toasted,
That's November fun.

—*Selected.*

THANKSGIVING.

I thank Thee, Lord, for house and home and lands,—possessions
sweet;

I thank Thee more for friends, who, loving, pause to greet
Me, as we, moving onward, meet.

I thank Thee, Lord, for work, for toil and labor, sweat of brow,
And well-earned rest; for sleep and wakefulness again to here and
now:

For hope of future life and—Thou.

But more than all I thank Thee, Lord, for love, and power to laugh
and weep

With them who on their way rejoicing go, or pause beside the way
to vigil keep

A moment by their dead who sleep.

For house and home and friends and work;—gifts from above,—
I thank Thee, Lord; but more than all, yea, more than all, I thank
Thee,

Lord, that I can love.

—*Della T. Lutes.*

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

With humble heart I come to Thee on this Thanksgiving Day
 To pray, O Lord, that Thou wilt give me words with which to say
 How grateful am I for Thy loving bounty and Thy grace,
 And for the myriad ways in which Thou'st made me see Thy face,
 Although my fields are barren now, with weeds and grass o'er-
 grown,

And though a wintry wind sighs fitfully and makes low moan,
 I know those fields will yield once more a plenteous harvest store,
 That spring will come again, and lo, her wealth of breezes pour
 To wake and warm the earth. Whistle of quail and sparrow's chirp
 Give place to wondrous bird songs when the summer shall usurp
 The icy realm of winter and the dreamland of the spring.
 Thus with glad hope aflame within my heart, aloud I sing
 Thy praise, dear Lord.

The pumpkins, ripened yellow, gleam upon the hillsides brown
 Frosted by the breath of morning, rinsed with sunshine Thou send'st
 down;

Behold my barns and warehouse almost bursting with their store
 Of food for man and beast, until there's room for nothing more.
 But greater far than wealth of orchard or of furrowed field
 I hold my children, Lord, fair gifts of Thine, whose coming sealed
 My trust in Thee. Children of earth, yet fruits of love divine,
 And I must answer make for these loaned treasures, Lord, of Thine;
 Shield them, and if one wanders far from out Thy fold so blest,
 Seek him and find, e'en as that lamb Thou bore upon Thy breast.
 For all Thy tender mercies and Thy love, teach me to pray
 And gladly yield from out my store on this Thanksgiving Day
 To Thee, dear Lord.—Amen.

—*A. Maria Crawford, in November Ladies' Home Journal.*

JACK-O'-LANTERN.

In the pleasant corn-field,
All the summer through,
Such a funny playmate
Waited long for you.

Snugly housed and hidden
Where the gray, green leaves
Bending close together,
Made his rustling eaves.

When the corn was gathered,
When the flowers were dead,
From the lonely hillside
Peered his golden head.

Now at last behold him,
With his open face,
Smiling broad and cheery
In the darkest place.

Bear him forth in triumph,
Through the autumn night,
Jolly jack-o'-lantern
With his eyes so bright.

Comic little fellow,
Come to make you fun,
When in gray November
Summer sports are done.

—Midland Schools.

THE PUMPKIN.

(On receipt of a pumpkin pie.)

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from east and from west,
From north and from south come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,—
What moistens the lip and brightens the eye,
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

Oh, fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling;
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within;
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,—
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In the pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team.

Then thanks for thy present; none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter.
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine.
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine.
And the prayer which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie!

—J. G. Whittier.

THANKSGIVING.

Tune: "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing."

To the giver of all blessings
Let our voices rise in praise,
For the joys and countless mercies
He hath sent to crown our days;
For the homes of peace and plenty,
And a land so fair and wide,
For the labor of the noonday,
And for the rest of eventide.

For the splendor of the forest,
For the beauty of the hills,
For the freshness of the meadows,
And a thousand sparkling rills;
For the blossoms of the springtime
And the memories they bring;
For the ripened fruits of autumn,
Do we thank Thee, O, our King.

For the wealth of golden harvests,
For the sunlight and the rain,
For the grandeur of the ocean,
For the mountain and the plain;
For the ever changing seasons,
And the comforts which they bring;
For Thy love so grand, eternal,
We would thank Thee, O our King.

—*Wm. G. Park.*

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For summer's bloom and autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light,
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

We trace to Thee our joys and woes—
To Thee of causes still the cause,—
We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows;
We bless Thee that Thy love withdraws.

We bring no sorrows to Thy throne;
We come to Thee with no complaint;
In Providence Thy will is done,
And that is sacred to the saint.

Here on this blest Thanksgiving night;
We raise to Thee our grateful voice;
For what Thou doest, Lord, is right;
And thus believing, we rejoice.

—J. G. Holland, *Bittersweet*.

He who thanks but with the lips
Thanks but in part;
The full, the true thanksgiving
Comes from the heart.

Christmas

December 25

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Why do the bells for Christmas ring?
Why do the little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay,
And its mother sang and smiled,
This is Christ, the Holy Child.

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

—*Eugene Field.*

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Once there lay a little baby
Sleeping in the fragrant hay;
And that lovely infant stranger
Brought our first glad Christmas day.

Shepherds on the hillside watching
Over wandering flocks at night,
Heard a strange, sweet strain of music,
Saw a clear and heavenly light.

Which has shown through all the ages.
And each year throughout the earth
Children love to hear the story
Of the gentle Christ-Child's birth.

And they seem to see the beauty
Of the eastern star again!
And repeat the angels' chorus,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

—*Selected.*

A PRESENT FOR LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Our Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue
Whenever he goes by our yard;
And he says, "Good morning," or "How-do-you-do?"
But sometimes he winks awful hard.
I guess he don't know what my name really is,
Or else he forgot, if he knew;
And my! You would think I am really part his—
He calls me *his* Little Boy Blue!

Our Neighbor, he told me that Little Boy Blue
Once stood all his toys in a row,
And said, "Now, don't go till I come back for you"—
But that was a long time ago.
And one time, at Christmas, when I had a tree,
He brought me a sled, all brand-new,
And smiled when he said it was partly for me
And partly for Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he's not going to have any tree,
So he says the best he can do
Is try to get something to partly give me
And partly give Little Boy Blue.
Because if he's here, it would make him so glad,
And he said he knew it was true
That ever and ever so many folks had
A boy just like Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue,
And said he would like to help trim
Our tree when it came—he would feel that he knew
It was partly for me and for him.
He said he would fix it with lights and wax flowers,
With popcorn and berries—you see.
He'd like to come over and help to trim ours—
He's not going to have any tree!

—J. W. Foley, in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

THE STORY OF THE HOLLY SPRIG.

“I’d be the shiniest green,”
Wished once a sprig of holly,
“That e’er at Yule was seen,
And deck some banquet jolly!”

“I’d be the cheeriest red,”
Wished once a holly berry,
“That e’er at board rich spread
Helped make the feasters merry!”

The life within them heard
Down dark and silent courses,
For each wish is a word
To those fair-hidden sources,

All summer in the wood,
While they were ripe growing,
The deep roots understood,
And helped without their knowing.

In a little market stall
At Yule the sprig lay waiting,
For fine folk one and all
Passed by that open grating.

The Eve of Christmas Day
It had been passed by many.
When one turned not away
And bought it for a penny.

Hers was a home of care
Which not a wreath made jolly:
The only Christmas there
Was that sweet sprig of holly.

“Oh, this is better far
Than banquet,” thought the berry;
The leaves glowed like a star
And made that banquet merry!

—Arthur Upton, in *St. Nicholas*.

SANTA'S SURPRISE PARTY.

'Twas a glad Christmas eve, and all over the world,
With reindeer and sleigh dear old Santa had whirled.
No one was forgotten or slighted by him;
Each stocking was bulging and crammed to the brim.
"There!" cried the old saint as he stopped at his door,
"I've made all the little ones happy once more!
But the rest of the night will be lonely, I fear;
Why—what is this wonderful racket I hear?"
He bounded down nimbly, so great his surprise,
But stopped just inside, scarce believing his eyes;
For here were the children that he had supposed
Were sleeping down yonder with eyes tightly closed:
Here, singing and dancing and frisking with glee
Around a most dazzling and beautiful tree!
"Oh, Santa," they cried, "we have found you at last!
How tired you must be! You have journeyed so fast!
To take us good gifts; but now, Santa Claus, see!
We have brought *you* some gifts, and this splendid big tree!
We want you to know, just for once in a way,
How happy you make us, each new Christmas day.
These gifts did not grow in your Christmas tree grove;
We brought them for you with our very best love!"
Then I wish you had seen them lead Santa about
To examine his gifts—heard his laugh and his shout
When he found a fur coat with collar so wide,
When he read the gay note that was fastened inside!
There were bells for the reindeer, a pipe and red mittens,
And one little girl had brought Santa her kittens.
He'd a brush for his clothes and a brush for his hair,
He had pictures and books and a great easy chair,
Where a good saint might nap it and sit at his ease,
While presents grew ripe on his evergreen trees.
He'd a pair of new spectacles, shining and bright,
To help him to fill all his stockings aright.
There were cushions so soft for the magical sleigh,
A cap trimmed with fur and a dressing-gown gay,
And stockings so long, and so warm and so thick,
Jack Frost can no more play his favorite trick
Of blowing a blast on Santa Claus' toes
As over the steeples at Christmas he goes.
"Please wear this red scarf!" whispered one little elf;

"I made it, dear Santa; I worked it myself!"
He caught up the girlie and gave her a kiss.
He hugged them and thanked them—not one did he miss;
Then, "laying his finger aside of his nose,"
He twinkled his eyes—and what do you suppose?
Such visions of stockings filled up to the top,
Bedazzled those children, they scarcely could stop
To cry, "Merry Christmas! Good night, Santa dear!"
And to wish him a glorious "Happy New Year!"
Then home o'er the cloud hills they scampered and ran;
Now guess all the gifts that they found—if you can!

—*Gladyds Hyatt Sinclair in St. Nicholas.*

Life is a Christmas stocking. It is long and deep. Take your blessings from the top, one at a time, gratefully, but not too fast or eagerly; enjoy them and be generous with them and reach down again! When you have pulled out all the gifts you thought were there, search yet another time. For some of the dearest gifts of the love of God are hidden so deep that we find them only when we have come to believe that life is empty and sad, just when we most need to find the choicest and best of all the secrets of His never-failing goodness toward His children. And when you have reached the very bottom, hang up the stocking of your hope again; for God has other Christmas gifts for you in the world from which Christmas comes.—*Rev. William E. Barton, in the Youth's Companion.*

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

If you should see
A big green tree,
With candles all alight,
With pop-corn strings
And pretty things,
And tinsel shining bright,
With stars that swing,
And bells that ring,
All green and red and blue;
And lots of toys
For girls and boys,
And lots of candies, too;
And you should hear
Somebody near,
Call out in cheery way:
"What sort of tree
Can this one be?"
I wonder what you'd say?
—*Edith Sanford Tillotson in the St. Nicholas.*

THE DEAR OLD TREE.

There's a dear old tree, an evergreen tree,
And it blossoms once a year ;
'Tis loaded with fruit from top to root,
And it brings to all good cheer.

For its blossoms are small candles white
And its fruit is dolls and toys.
And they all are free for both you and me
If we're good little girls and boys.

—*Luella Wilson Smith, in St. Nicholas.*

SING, CHRISTMAS BELLS!

Whereon our Saviour-King is born ;
Say to the earth this is the morn
Sing to all men—the bond, the free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
The little child that sports in glee,—
The aged folks that tottering go,—
Proclaim the morn
That Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me.

—*Eugene Field.*

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

There's a tender eastern legend,
In a volume old and rare,
Of the Christ child in his garden
Walking with the children there.
And it tells this strange, sweet story—
(True or false, ah, who shall say?)
How a bird with broken pinion
Dead within the garden lay.
And the children, childish cruel,
Lifted it by shattered wing,
Shouting, "Make us merry music,
Sing, you lazy fellow, sing."
But the Christ child bent above it,
Took it in his gentle hand,
Full of pity for the suffering
He alone could understand.
Whispered to it—oh, so softly!
Laid his lips upon its throat,
And the song-life, swift returning,
Sounded out in one glad note.
Then away on wings unwearied,
Joyously it sang and soared,
And the little children kneeling
Called the Christ child, "Master—Lord."
—Gracie Duffield Goodwin, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS SONG.

The twinkling stars shone clear and bright,
Above a little town,
And calmly through the quiet night
The silver moon looked down,
The little lambs upon the hill
Were sleeping safely there.
While shepherds "seated on the ground"
Watched over them with care.

Then suddenly the angels came
On flashing wings of white;
Their happy chorus echoed wide
Across the silent night.
Oh! sweet and clear the angels sang,
The sweetest song we know,
The story of a little Child
Within a manger low.

'Twas long, and long, and long ago—
Oh! very long ago,
But still we sing the song they sang,
With music soft and low;
For Jesus was the little Child
Who in the manger lay,
And Jesus is the children's Friend
Who loves them every day.

—*Primary Education.*

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

—
The tree that had served in the parlor,
The pride of the girls and the boys,
Festooned all over with pop-corn,
And hung with candies and toys,
With its gifts taken off from its branches,
Was being removed the next day,
While every child in the household
Was watching its journey away.

Then Lillian said to the others,
As they met by the door of the hall,
"Let us carry it down to the garden,
And stand it up there by the wall;
And then we can play when we want to
That Christmas is coming again."
"Oh, yes, let us do so!" said Lucy;
"All right!" echoed Charley and Ben.

With chorus of shouting and laughter,
The tree to the garden they drew;
And, placing it straight in a corner,
They festoon the pop-corn anew.
A telephone must have been near them
That understood what they planned,
For the news of what they were doing
Spread quickly abroad in the land.

As soon from the west came a sparrow,
And another soon came from the east,
While flocks from the northward and southward
Arrived to claim shares of the feast;
And chickadees came from the thickets
In sprightliest holiday mood,
With pigeons from neighboring farm-yards,
And how they all chattered and cooed!

"Oh, now for some fun!" said the children,
Delighted their coming to see.
"We'll fix up a lot of nice presents
And hang them round on the tree!"
Then packing their bundles of tid bits,
With merriest clamor of words,
They played Christmas over and over,
In ways that just suited the birds..

—*Illustrated Home Journal.*

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When J  sus Christ, a little child,
In Bethlehem was born,
There shone a star across the wild
More glorious than the morn.
It glowed and gleamed, it blazed and beamed,
Above the lonely hill.
Ah! blessed star of Bethlehem,
It lights the nation still!

—*Denis A. McCarthy.*

MY STOCKING.

They put me in a great spare bed, and there they made me sleep;
I must not stir, I must not wake, I must not even peep;
Right opposite that lonely bed my Christmas stocking hung;
While near it, waiting for the morn, my Sunday clothes were flung.
I counted softly to myself, to ten, and ten times ten,
And went through all the alphabet, and then began again;
I repeated that Third Reader piece—a poem called "Repose,"
And tried a dozen other ways to fall into a doze—
When suddenly the room grew light, I heard a soft, strong bound—
'Twas Santa Claus, I felt quite sure, but dared not look around.
'Twas nice to know that he was there, and things were going rightly,
And so I took a little nap, and tried to smile politely.
"Ho! Merry Christmas!" cried a voice; I felt the bed a-rocking;
'Twas daylight—brother Bob was up! and oh! that splendid stocking.

—*School Education.*

"Once on a cold December night,
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light
To where a child was sleeping."

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

We hear the Christmas message
Brought to us long ago,
Why have the centuries kept it fresh?
Why do we prize it so?

Because it is rich with the gold of love
That with bright, exhaustless flow
From unfailing source in the Heart Divine,
Supplies our hearts below.

And it tells of the tender, human bond,
Since ever the world began,
For it teaches the Fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man.

But how can we carry the tidings,
Make each man as loving and true
To the poor, the oppressed and the lowly,
As they are to me and you?

Let them shine in thought and word and deed,
As we work on the heavenly plan;
And, blessed by the Fatherhood of God,
Prove the brotherhood of man.

—Jane Andrews.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

In the gleaming starlight
Of the long ago,
Once the little Christ-Child
Came to earth below,
By the manger cradle,
Where the Baby slept,
There His gentle Mother
Loving vigil kept.

Through the gleaming starlight,
Hushing grief and wrong,
"Glory in the highest!"
Sang an angel throng.
Shepherds heard the music
As it swells along,
"Peace on earth!" it echoed,
In a chorus strong.

Through the gleaming starlight,
Shone a brighter star,
Giving light to Wise Men
Coming from afar;
Following its guidance
In that long ago,
There they found the Christ-Child
In the manger low.

—Selected.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night:
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ Child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

Christmas time is a time of cold,
Of weathers bleak and of winds a-blow;
Never a flower—fold on fold
Of grace and beauty—tops the snow
Or breaks the black and bitter mold.
And yet tis warm—for the chill and gloom
Glow with love and with childhood's glee;
And yet 'tis sweet—with the rich perfume
Of sacrifice and of charity.
Where are flowers more fair to see?
Christmas tide, it is warm and sweet;
A whole world's heart at a Baby's feet!

—*Richard Burton.*

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

Chant me a rhyme of Christmas—
Sing me a jovial song,—
And though it is filled with laughter,
Let it be pure and strong.

Sing of the hearts brimmed over
With the story of the day—
Of the echo of childish voices
That will not die away.

Of the blare of the tasseled bugle,
And the timeless clatter and beat
Of the drum that throbs to muster
Squadrons of scampering feet.

But, O, let your voice fall fainter,
Till, blent with a minor tone,
You temper your song with the beauty
Of the pity Christ hath shown.

And sing one verse for the voiceless;
And yet, ere the song be done,
A verse for the ears that hear not,
And a verse for the sightless one.

For though it be time for singing
A merry Christmas glee,
Let a low, sweet voice of pathos
Run through the melody.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

ET HOMO FACTUS EST.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a Baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy,
O'er the Wonderful Birth,
For the Virgin's sweet Boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay, the star rains its fire and the beautiful sing
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the Light of that Star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the Nations that Jesus is King.
—J. G. Holland.

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